

NEW YORK HERALD

PUBLISHED BY THE SUN-HERALD CORPORATION, 230 BROADWAY, TELEPHONE, WORTH 10,000.

Directors and officers: Frank A. Munsey, President; Edwin J. Carey, Vice-President; J. D. Dwyer, Treasurer; R. H. Tishington, Secretary.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year, \$12.00; Six Months, \$7.00; Three Months, \$4.00; Single Copies, 10 Cents.

By Mail, Postpaid. One Year, \$12.00; Six Months, \$7.00; Three Months, \$4.00; Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Branch Offices for receipt of advertisements and sale of display space: Herald Building, Herald Square, Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

Branch Office: 100 West 42nd St., Tel. Pitt 9-0000.

them to the local stores and from their own pockets outfit them from head to foot.

The conduct of these creditable representatives of the United States was such that the women among the refugees sent a long note of thanks to Captain WYMAN of the Olympia declaring that besides ministering to their physical needs the sailors from our warships "had brought hope to the hopeless."

These incidents are the more gratifying because the men who have won this unstinted praise do not represent a special type particularly trained in relief work but are only fair specimens of the splendid men who compose the army and the navy of the United States.

Syndicalism in New York.

In the New York Legislature there is a bill to protect the public from being deceived by price fixers. It is generally known as the photoengraving measure, because the labor union engaged in the photoengraving industry, acting with certain employers in the trade, has raised prices to levels at which the photoengraving product must be sold.

Any employer selling his product or trying to sell it at a lower price than the one named by the photoengraving price fixers is not permitted to operate his plant. The price fixing union will not let its members work in such a plant if it sells at lower prices than the price fixers have fixed. Either it must charge consumers the higher prices named by the price fixers or it must be driven out of business.

This is oppression of employers and employees who do not want to be pillaged by consumers. It is depriving the public of any chance to get an article it needs in a free market. It is a blow at American institutions. It is plain syndicalism.

If the New York Legislature passes the bill intended to check this outrage against American customs, principles and rights it will stop this entering wedge of syndicalism. If it does not pass this measure, the New York Legislature will put its stamp of approval on syndicalism in this State.

The Tail Wagging the Dog.

Connecticut's 1,300,000 and more or less inhabitants have, through their Legislature, rejected daylight saving. Legally the timepieces of the famous clock making State will tell the truth about the flight of hours in summer as they do in winter. The public offices, the courts, the railroads will all stick to the chronology of the nation.

But New London, with 25,000 of Connecticut's million and a third of people, is going to have daylight saving anyway. Its civic bodies have voted to defy the Legislature. The New London clock will be set ahead April 24; New Londoners and visitors to New London must solve the puzzle of two times whenever they want to catch a train or meet an acquaintance or buy a beefsteak.

New London is a great gateway for business men and vacation seekers travelling by railroad, by steamship and by motor car to and from the industrial areas and summer playgrounds of New England. Visitors will be inconvenienced and many of them will be put to actual loss by the private New London adjustment of clocks.

Because New London is a small town, the presumption of its revolt against legal Connecticut time is outstanding. But there is another town, not so small as New London, which has set itself up as its own master in this matter. That is New York city.

After a full and fair trial, after free discussion of its advantages and disadvantages, New York State has abandoned daylight saving. That abandonment records the adverse decision of the people on this experiment. But New York city has decided to make its own time during the summer and by its bulk and influence to enforce acceptance of its arbitrary, incorrect clock dial on its neighbors. It is setting the tail, it elects to wag the dog.

This country got standard time because the nuisance of varying times became intolerable a generation ago. The men of the '80s had sense enough to see that nationwide time uniformity was essential to comfort in business and social affairs. If the establishment of local time at variance with standard time keeps up, with the consequent annoyance and loss to farming and inconvenience to travelers and business men, the United States Government is likely to be compelled to establish by statute a time system which shall be countrywide in its application and proof against local manipulation.

The Oil Supply Facts.

Informal suggestion has been transmitted to the Washington Government that England would be willing to settle the dispute over the San Remo agreement having to do with equal rights in the Mesopotamian oil fields by submitting the matter to a joint commission of American and British representatives. This plan, it is contended, would have an advantage over the usual procedure through diplomatic channels because it would hasten a settlement.

It is evident from this suggestion, which emanated from British sources, that Great Britain does not view Mesopotamia in the same light as our Government. England does not believe, as we do, that Mesopotamia is one of the spolia of war. She asserts that her pre-war arrangements covering certain Turkish territory now extended to the whole of the land granted under the mandate. The issue is thus clear cut. The commis-

sion, if one were appointed, would have to decide between equal rights to all nations in exploration for oil in Mesopotamia and exploration only when it was authorized by the British Government.

No doubt the British Government believes it has a good case or it would not be asking for arbitration of the dispute. But its argument will have to rest on something more concrete than the mere allegation contained in Lord Curzon's note setting forth that the United States already controls the larger share of the world's oil production at the present time. That contention is becoming so threadbare by repetition and constant refutation, or rather stultification, that it is now the opposite of convincing.

It is true that this country mines nearly two-thirds of the world's total supply of petroleum. This oil is obtained from our own wells, and every barrel taken out of the ground depletes our future supply by just so much. But we have not a monopoly or a majority of the world's future oil supply. Great Britain has. These British holdings are not limited to Persia, Russia, Mesopotamia and the East Indies. Great Britain has vast undeveloped tracts on this side of the Atlantic in Venezuela, Colombia, Mexico, Canada and even in the United States. Possibly if all the oil in the ground could be measured it would be found that Great Britain owns 75 per cent. of it.

When these facts are taken into consideration it does not require much perspicacity to find the holes in the argument that because we are spilling our oil faster than any other nation, at a suicidal rate in fact, we should be satisfied with the supplies we have on this continent without trying to enlarge our holdings in the Near East, where, by a special agreement at San Remo without the assent of the United States, the British oil companies are intent upon solidifying their monopoly.

A Citizen Sends His Shirt.

There should be a monument to the Buffalo patriot who has sent his shirt to the State Income Tax Bureau, explaining that it was all he had left. The subject is heroic. Rorip is dead, but BARNARD might put in the necessary amount of agony and grief. "I only regret," the text might say, "that I have but one shirt to give to my State."

Thousands of men know how the Buffalonian felt as he prepared his 16-34 Madras for the offering to the inalienable tax god. They too are shirtless in mind if not in body. It has been a stripping spring. Scarcely anything is left. Two kinds of income taxes, the local tax, the school tax, the automobile tax, the dog tax—all fell due close together. And of course mortgage payments and life insurance premiums have a trick of bubbling up in the vernal season.

To-morrow, however, the agony will be over until the next Federal tax installment is to be met. The citizen can settle down to the routine of the expenses that have burdened men for centuries: food, clothing, shelter. And if he has a shirt he can go and see Babe Ruth hit 'em a mile.

Light on an Historic Flight.

The escape of the Empress Eugénie from Paris and her safe arrival at Deauville, on the French coast, with the assistance of Dr. Evans, the American dentist who was practising his profession in Paris at the time of the fall of the Second French Empire, have been told with considerable detail by Dr. Evans himself. The facts regarding the continuation of his flight to England are much less familiar and have been shrouded in more or less mystery. These facts are given in a letter written fifty-one years ago by Sir John Montague Burgoyne, who died recently, and made public for the first time by the London Times a few days after his death.

Sir John carried the Empress from the harbor of Deauville to Ryde, on the English coast, in his small yacht, the Gazelle, through one of the worst storms which ever swept the English Channel. One point which he wished to make was that he did not go to France with the intention of mixing up in foreign complications, and that it was purely by accident that he fell into this remarkable adventure. He was detained at Deauville, where he had gone to meet Lady Burgoyne, by heavy winds, and one afternoon two strangers came aboard and asked to be shown around the yacht. One of them suddenly asked to be allowed to say a few words in private; "He then informed me that the Empress was concealed in Deauville, wishing to be conveyed to England, and asked me if I would undertake to take her over on the yacht." One of the men proved to be Dr. Evans, the other his nephew. It was finally arranged Sir John should accept her as a passenger and that the yacht should leave the pier at five minutes after midnight on September 7, 1870.

The presence of the little vessel in the harbor had evidently excited suspicion, for that evening there came aboard a Russian, who announced that he had brought a friend from Paris who was anxious to see a yacht. The men were unquestionably spies, Sir John wrote, and he had got rid of them only a short time before the Empress, accompanied by Madame Le Barreau and Dr. Evans, came aboard. Empress Eugénie suffered "frightful discomfort" for the weather was heavy with a nasty sea running. That they finally reached Ryde was due to the fact that the Gazelle was a staunch little craft

and behaved well. The Empress had no luggage of any kind. Sir John wrote: "M. de Lessers had nothing whatever to do with her escape; I believe Prince METTERNICH planned it and Dr. EVANS carried it out most skillfully."

This letter has led to much discussion in Europe. One of the correspondents of the Times who commented upon it said that Sir John had told him that if the Gazelle had foundered, as he fully expected during the passage that she would, "it would have been a mystery for all time as to what had become of the Empress, since every soul who knew that she was aboard would have gone to the bottom with her." This, however, is not the fact. Relatives of Dr. Evans now in this country have said that Mrs. Evans and the doctor's nephew were in Deauville at the time and saw the departure of the Gazelle with Eugénie aboard. There were at least two persons who knew that the Empress was on the yacht. The loss of the Gazelle would have been one of the romantic tragedies of the sea but not one of its unsolved mysteries.

Public Welfare in the Cabinet.

With all the sensible, wholesome substance in President HARDING'S message it is a disappointment to find a considerable part of it devoted in argument far from convincing and sentiment by no means inspiring to the setting up of a new Cabinet office for public welfare work. In the first place, if there were room or justification for more Government heads of Cabinet rank—and there is not—it is a poor sense of proportion that would place such a vastly important national business as transportation, for example, second to any enterprise as yet existing only in the imagination. Or to take another example, aviation, which needs to be organized, coordinated and systematized under one supreme chief, with various branches of it then operated particularly for the army, navy, postal service, etc.

But, as a matter of fact, nothing more, whether of the immediate and massive dimensions of the railroad problem or of the remote and visionary outlines of an uplift sensation, should be jammed into the already overcrowded Cabinet to make it like a town meeting, where there are too many voices on tap for the gathering to get down to the practical business of doing things instead of talking about them.

Any man, though he be a steam engine for work and a wonder for achieving results in the world of affairs, knows how perfectly hopeless it is to get anything worth while done by a large committee. The beginning and the end of its functioning is nearly always talk. Pretty much everything is postponed for conversation, and accomplishment is sidetracked by debate. It can be no different with a Cabinet.

If the Cabinet needs anything in the way of reconstruction it is not expansion but curtailment. It would better have half a dozen members than a dozen. It would be more businesslike and effective, as any railroad executive or industrial head knows, in a compact, high powered, smoothly working form of five Cabinet offices, each containing as many departments and other subdivisions as might be needed.

If public welfare, as such, calls for treatment by the Federal Government in the very biggest and broadest way it should not add to the numbers in the Cabinet throng. It can be handled certainly as successfully, probably far more successfully, in a department or bureau under the chief of some Cabinet office already in existence, while the Cabinet itself can be saved from becoming a populous rather than a practical institution.

Cardinal Dougherty says he is glad to be back home, and as a throng of his friends gave him a thunderous reception at the pier when he came ashore, it seems safe to believe his sentiment is reciprocated.

If the drugs seized by the police in their numerous raids on illicit dealers are worth even a small fraction of the amounts the police say they are valued at the shortage of money for home building is easily explained. The cash that is needed for housing is locked up in the illegal trade in cocaine, morphine and heroin.

Another big farm loan is to be floated. But even with lawn mowers at \$22 nothing is done by the Government to finance the commuter.

Reoperation.

Now in this fog of brain and spirit, Where I have come to breathe and rest among pine woods, Out of the city's turmoil and nerve abrasion, I share for a brief season the banal existence of all unresponsive and senseless temperaments.

I am glutted with stolidity and sheer nerve apathy. I munch the soggy bread of other problems. I am turned back companion to all the mentally inert and spiritually dormant.

But only for a time! Repose and lawfulness for tired times Will lift me again like a welcome wave, foam crested and brimming with vitality.

Out of this crass fellowship with stolidity, And I shall breathe again my soul's inheritance of exhilarant ozone, And run gloriously free once more my race to glimpse the flying form Of wonder and loveliness, In a world of exhausted splendor and delight.

ELIOT WHITE.

Fifty Years a Teacher.

Miss Susan Wright's Long Service in the City Schools.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: The letters you have been printing from Professor Scott's old pupil bring to mind a very pleasant friendship I had some years ago with Miss Susan Wright, who for over fifty years, I believe, taught in the schools of New York city.

Just prior to the breaking out of the civil war she was a chum of Miss Sarah Havemeyer, and I believe it was the elder Havemeyer who helped her secure a place in what I think was the first normal school in New York in preference to following her desire to go South and teach there, as Mr. Havemeyer thought she might be brewing with the Southern States.

Miss Wright was a very close friend of Mr. Pitney, the father of Justice Mahlon Pitney of Morristown, New Jersey, who is now in the Supreme Court at Washington. Justice Pitney about 1907 took Miss Wright to the Pennsylvania station in Jersey City when she visited his mother in Baltimore. As he left her in the train a lady sitting beside Miss Wright asked if he was her son, and she replied "No," whereupon the lady asked her if she had any children, and Miss Wright jokingly replied that "in her time she had had over 100,000," explaining that she had taught in the New York schools for over fifty years.

FOREST HILLS, April 13.

Tax Exemption.

Charge That a Legislative Promise of 1916 Has Been Evaded.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: It would seem that the legislative promises of tax exemptions sometimes take on an appearance which is not carried out in their practical execution. The claim is made that investors and home seekers, led by the legislative promise to exempt real estate from taxes for ten years, will be induced to purchase plots and build.

But the investor, trusting to this legislative promise, must reflect that the State by Chapter 231 of the laws of 1916 exempted bonds and secured debts from all State and local taxes for five years from the date of payment on one same of a flat tax of 75 cents for each \$100 of face valuation. Now the income on such bonds, notwithstanding such exemption, is being subjected to taxation although the five year period is not at an end. Such ruling by the State Comptroller has to this extent nullified the law and destroyed the legislative promise. How much more can builders and investors rely on the ten year exemption?

R. FLOTT CLARKE.

NEW YORK, April 13.

Luck.

The Old Puzzle of the Differing Destinies of Men.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: You say in an editorial article: The belief in good and bad luck is not confined to any race. There are thousands of solid business men of all races who possess this weakness to a greater or lesser degree. It would be curious. All such are forgetful of the fact that an individual's luck is what he himself makes it.

Is this really so? I admit that there is no such thing as chance, all being cause and effect in the scheme of nature, but luck is something different. And boys with bamboo poles Balance their wares and cry them with a song. Whose twisted rhythm nor begins nor ends, But like a fragment of some fairy music Breaks all unlearned from their astonished lips. And on rich carriages the tuneful bells Ring sharply through the darkening air.

In the broad street That east to west through all the city goes The sun that's dying and the rising moon Have met and mingled: Twined their honey tendrils over green roofs of temples, over the purpled flood of the ground with misty opalescence. Lending a veil of beauty To shapes and faces passing at this shadowy hour.

House lamps are lighted: Through dark lattices They too are spreading honey colored light: The square lamps on the fruit stalls Encircle with a band of orange ribbon Golden persimmons and red pomegranates. Black-eyed and roguish children bartering for peanuts, Coveting millet candy; Weighing their coppers slowly like their elders.

Women are gossiping, old men are smoking. The cook shop boy is singing as his dumplings boil. "What loveliness is here," I said. You smile and nod your head; And come to my eyes. They were overfilled with beauty, Brimmed and wept.

DORA W. BLACK.

Summoned to Court.

A Poodle Detected in the Street Without a Muzzle.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: A few days ago two small girls, daughters of friends of mine, went out for a walk in Park avenue accompanied by their governess. They had with them on a leash a small, harmless poodle.

The dog wore a muzzle, but after they had gone a few blocks the dog betrayed symptoms of choking, so the governess removed the muzzle because she was unable to rearrange it comfortably. In a few minutes one of our big, fine policemen stopped them and handed the governess a summons requiring her to appear in court the following day for being in the street with an unmuzzled dog.

I have read in the papers that Police Commissioner Enright wants 1,000 additional policemen to enable him to enforce prohibition.

NEW YORK, April 13.

A Word for Shareholders.

Haley Fiske's Plan for Railroad Bondholders Called Unfair.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: As Mr. Haley Fiske sought to inject himself into the efforts now being made by the interest solely of the bondholders, I feel the stockholders out in the cold, the president of the New York Central Lines was quite right in resenting Mr. Fiske's interference.

In all fairness Mr. Smith seems to have the interests of all the railroad's security holders equally at heart, and he should not be hampered with advice of such a selfish character as that proffered by Mr. Fiske.

T. E. W.

A Shareholder.

NEW YORK, April 13.

Laying an Arkansas Luxury.

From the De Witt New Era.

Reth Thomas says he has cut the law. He and Lips Smith went to law for a short time. He wore the pig, which soon died of cholera, and he and Lips each had to sell a horse to pay their lawyers.

The Considerate Kentucky Editor.

From the Lancaster Record.

Should the editor be given the same interesting reading, but owing to the prominence of some of the people involved, and it being their first offense, the names are withheld for this time.

Speaks Without Personal Knowledge.

From the Atchison County Mail.

No boy evangelist can convince me he knows much about sin.

Macmillan With National Symphony

American Displays Growth of Artistic Mastery of the Violin at Concert in Carnegie Hall.

The National Symphony Orchestra continued its series of concerts last evening in Carnegie Hall. This organization remains in the field after its older brethren have ceased their labors. The program offered at last night's concert by Arthur Bodansky comprised Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture, Goldmark's violin concerto, Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite and Grieg's symphonic poem, "The Sea." The "Sea" by the violinist was Francis Macmillan, who had been heard once before in the course of the season.

It was on October 17 that Mr. Macmillan played the Goldmark concerto with the National Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Bodansky conducting. At that time the program offered at last night's concert was the same as that of the Goldmark concerto, but with the addition of the violin concerto by Ravel. When he was first heard here he played roughly and his florid passages were often unintelligible.

Again last evening the growth of his artistic mastery was noted. Indeed in the cantilena portions of the first movement he carried away with him, while he met the formidable difficulties of the brilliant bravura with commendable skill.

There was nothing in the rest of the concert to demand comment. The entertainment began more than twenty minutes after the advertised time. It is a pity that all concerts do not come to the city so late. Those who wish to hear the whole of a concert must not expect to arrive late and not on the pleasure of those who do not.

"Louise" Song With Familiar Cast. The last performance but one of Charles Dillingham's "Louise" was given at the Metropolitan last night to the obvious delight of an audience that left no vacant seats and little unused standing room. Miss Geraldine Farrar repeated her vocal and histrionic methods made familiar in her repeated appearance as the sewing girl heroine, with Miss Louise Borat and Clarence Whitehill in the box office. Mr. and Mrs. Orville Harrold as the instant lover and the others in the large cast of thirty-nine principals brought out the varied dramatic changes of the four acts with the discriminating baton of Albert Wolff.

Countess Massaglia and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Siskney were guests of Mr. E. Francis Hyde in box seats. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Olin and Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Rosen watched the performance from the William K. Vanderbilt box.

Others in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. E. Reeve Merritt, Mrs. Frederic R. Goudert, Prof. and Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Miss Harriette A. Post, Mr. Wadsworth Lewis, Mrs. M. Lawrence Keane, Mrs. and Mr. Harry H. Duryea, Mr. Frederic A. Juillard, Mrs. M. M. Pinchot, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Earle Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Fahnestock, Mrs. Hamilton McKim, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Burden, Mr. Shipley Jones, Mrs. Louis T. Hoyt, Mrs. R. A. D. Cort van der Linden and Mr. and Mrs. Louisa Wilmersing.

88,131 for Prints and Books.

At the American Art Galleries last night the collection of books, prints and

Twilight Walk, Pekin.

From the Nation and the Athenaeum. In the dusk we walk together. Through the busy streets the rickshaw pullers pass. And boys with bamboo poles Balance their wares and cry them with a song. Whose twisted rhythm nor begins nor ends, But like a fragment of some fairy music Breaks all unlearned from their astonished lips. And on rich carriages the tuneful bells Ring sharply through the darkening air.

In the broad street That east to west through all the city goes The sun that's dying and the rising moon Have met and mingled: Twined their honey tendrils over green roofs of temples, over the purpled flood of the ground with misty opalescence. Lending a veil of beauty To shapes and faces passing at this shadowy hour. House lamps are lighted: Through dark lattices They too are spreading honey colored light: The square lamps on the fruit stalls Encircle with a band of orange ribbon Golden persimmons and red pomegranates. Black-eyed and roguish children bartering for peanuts, Coveting millet candy; Weighing their coppers slowly like their elders.

Women are gossiping, old men are smoking. The cook shop boy is singing as his dumplings boil. "What loveliness is here," I said. You smile and nod your head; And come to my eyes. They were overfilled with beauty, Brimmed and wept.

DORA W. BLACK.

Remington the Collector.

While Bullets Flew He Bought an Indian Guide's Moccasins.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: The final and proper housing of Frederic Remington's studio and museum was begun last evening by the opening of the museum to the public. The structure which supported the museum platform on which the dwellings were built was made of piles driven into the bottom of the lake.

The platforms were fastened by wooden pins and the huts made of wood and